10TH ANNUAL

Pride Fest 2000

COLORADO SPRINGS PRIDE CELEBRATION

August 26 & 27

Musicfest • Saturday, August 26

FEATURING HARVEY FIERSTEIN

7:30 P.M. • ARMSTRONG THEATER ON THE CC CAMPUS

FOR TICKETS CALL 719.471.4429

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE PIKES PEAK GAY & LESBIAN COMMUNITY CENTER

Pride Celebration • Sunday, August 27

11:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.

ACACIA PARK • BIJOU AT TEJON, DOWNTOWN COLORADO SPRINGS

MUSIC, ARTS & CRAFTS, FOOD, BEER, SPECIAL GUESTS,

CHILDREN'S AREA AND MORE!

Pride Parade • Sunday, August 27

PARADE LINE-UP - 12:00 NOON

PARADE STARTS PROMPTLY AT 12:30

STARTS AT TEJON AND CACHE LA POUDRE - ENDS IN ACACIA PARK

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE PIKES PEAK GAY & LESBIAN COMMUNITY CENTER

For More Information, call

719.471.4GAY/719.471.4429

OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE: WWW.PPGLCC.ORG

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among the women, is privy to it all:

"They traded secrets like bracelets, and these were handed down to me, the only surviving girl. They told me things I was too young to hear. They held my face between their hands and made me swear to remember."

The most absorbing aspect of *The Red Tent* is the way Diamant gives form, context and a new perspective to important incidents in the Bible (though don't think you need to be a biblical scholar to enjoy the references!). From Jacob's first encounter with Rachel at the well to the severing of Dinah's relationship with Shechem by her brothers, *The Red Tent* offers up an engaging interpretation of biblical events that are utterly believable and, at times, questionable as mythology.

For example, Laban, father to Rachel and Leah (and in *The Red Tent*, Zilpah and Bilhah as well), isn't nearly as welcoming to Jacob as it's written in the Good Book. In fact, Diamant portrays him as a cheap bastard who feels up the maidservants and finds pleasure with the ewes in the pasture. Dinah grows up poking fun at the man, for in the red tent "raking Laban over the coals was great sport among his daughters."

Jacob is also portrayed as more cunning and more human than one might gather from the Bible. In Diamant's version, Jacob laughs at the idea of seven years' service for young Rachel. "I will give you seven months," Jacob says to Laban. "And for the dowry, I'll take half your miserable herd." We see Jacob as a savvy herdsman, a powerful father and gentle lover, one who has respect for the women in his life.

The Red Tent loses some of its hold, after the slaying at Shechem, when Diamant's Dinah renounces her family. For her own safety, and for the safety of those who help her escape, she embarks upon a life in which she can't have a past. After being in the exquisite company of Rachel, Leah, Zilpah and Bilhah, the separation is as hard on the reader as it is on Dinah.

Nonetheless, Dinah's experiences as a midwife in the second half pull us along, until finally, through some not-so-unexpected twists and turns, Dinah's path crosses with Joseph's. Loose ends are finally tied up, and we are allowed peace of mind, though some questions linger on.

Diamant's version of Dinah's life is poetic and powerful, well worth reading. Let it wash over you like a mother's kisses.

– Tess Powers

The Red Tent
By Anita Diamant
(Picador USA: New York)
$14/paperback

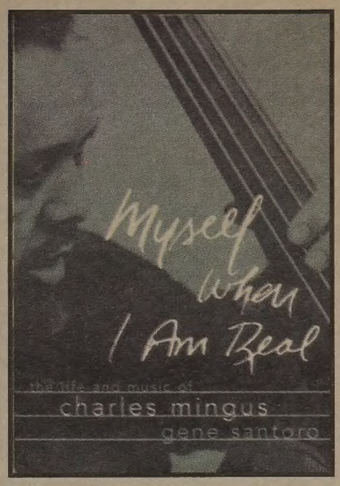
Biography

Getting real

There are only a few times I remember hearing a particular piece of music for the first time.

Here are two:

The first was in 1978. Stoned as cavemen, we were lying on the floor of my friend's bedroom listening to Jimmy Hendrix's *Voodoo Chile* with the lights out. I was a pimple-faced dirtbag in high school, but in my mind that summer afternoon, I was chopping down mountains with the side of my hand, and talk-



Crazy Jane Contemplates Her Death

By Jane Hilberry

She wants it to be creative —
not another stroke at ninety
or a heart attack in sleep.
She wants the electric fan to tumble
into the bath: too alive
for a second, all abuzz,

then gone. She won't plan
her funeral, but hopes
it will be imaginative:
piles of tiny crosses, too-late
milagros, the casket
laid out for tea with lace
and dainty cups.
They won't bother
to wash the dishes —
they'll throw the china
in the trash.

She doesn't want her ashes
scattered —
she's spent her whole life
trying to arrive
in one place at the same
time.

Maybe she will be buried
without a box:
she'll prepare the spot
with her own shovel,
and when she feels it coming,
will walk there herself,
bed down with a blanket
and kerosene lantern
and wait.

She is afraid she will be cold.

In truth,
she doesn't want to die,
doesn't want to leave
the skin she's loved,
voice that rises within her
like a snake, hair
that never obeyed her.

She always felt the earth moving,
always knew it turned her
toward an ending but
now she wants to be buried
with her head to the east,
wants to go
back, if she must
die, and start over,

arrive again,
fingers grasping, mouth sucking,
a baby that wants
only and always her mother.

Original poetry solicited by Aaron Arntett

narrator also known as Sebald, who undertakes a journey across Europe in order to recover from a particularly difficult time. The first chapter, entitled "Beyle," or "Love is a Madness Most Discreet," follows the footsteps of Marie Henri Beyle, a young syphilitic soldier in the Napoleonic wars who went on to become famous under his pen name of Stendhal.

Beyle sets the tone for the book, alternately nostalgic, historic, tragic and illuminating. The following sections, "All'estero," where the narrator describes a near nervous breakdown, "Dr. K. Takes the Waters at Riva," following in the footsteps of Franz Kafka, and "Il Ritorno in Patria," where the narrator returns to his home town, extend the author's reach across the centuries into history, and deeper into memoir, history, and fiction.

Each one of these sojourns is a delicate examination of the power of memory, the construction of history, and the echo of centuries of European wars. Scattered throughout the text are facsimiles of documents that call attention to a narrator choosing these particular pieces of historic flotsam to illustrate his points. A two-page spread of an old atlas illustrating the rivers of the world, a very grainy photograph of a black-sailed ship, a newspaper advertisement for a dentist in 1913, a postcard of a smiling gypsy woman and her babe-in-arms behind the barbed wire of a concentration camp, all alight upon the page to mysteriously reinforce the narrator's experience.

In hopes of captivating you further with Sebald's prose, I searched throughout the book for a passage suitable for a short review such as this, a tidbit that might briefly illustrate the seduction wrought by this beautiful new literature. I could find none. This failure, I think, is due to the type of magic that Sebald produces, a slow, seductive, selective accretion of images, an intensity of vision through juxtaposition, a far-reaching insight into the demands and failures of history, memory, love, loneliness and war. There is so much to contemplate, so many layers that cannot be untangled. This is a literature that's uncapturable in sound bites, a type of writing that I have hungered for without even knowing it.

Find *Vertigo* and read it. Then find *The Emigrants*. Then *Rings of Saturn*. Then sit and wait and pray that Sebald will continue his remarkable literary journey and will allow you to accompany him wherever he goes.

— Andrea Lucard

Vertigo
By W.G. Sebald
Translated by Michael Hulse
German title: Schwindel. Gefühle.
(New Directions Books: New York, 2000)
$23.95/hardcover

Evil genius on the loose

Thomas Harris writes with the deliberate pace of a literary artiste, producing suspense thrillers at a rate more like J.D. Salinger or Joseph Heller than Stephen King. Harris has published just four novels in 25 years, with an 11-year span elapsing between the last two. But what thrillers these are — each in its own way an outstanding example of effective genre writing.

Hannibal, his latest (released in 1999 in hardcover; now in paperback), carries on with characters from *The Red Dragon*, characters now famous through the good offices of the movies. In spite of our familiarity with "fava beans and a nice Chianti", and the predilections of Hannibal Lector, you would, I promise, be surprised by *Hannibal* the book.

This novel is a microcosm of the decline and decadence of our culture — that which the Christian right tends to blame largely on Hollywood. It is written in flawlessly stylish, measured, and effective prose. Anyone susceptible at all to the magic of words creating a story could not fail to become caught up in Harris's words and the story they shape. To borrow some moviespeak, the "production values" of *Hannibal* as a thriller are above reproach: the pace, the plotting, the story values, and the tight, beautiful language is all there — all the right stuff is in all the right places. And, as so often seems to be the case with effective popular art today, all these elements go to create an effect, which from a moral standpoint, is ugly and perhaps evil. Hannibal the cannibal, murderous monster and sadistic genius renaissance man, not only gets away, he gets the girl. Clarice Starling, symbol of civilization's bright hope for justice and truth, not only fails to vanquish Hannibal, she becomes his apparently willing companion and mistress.

Thomas Harris has crossed the line into fantasy and pornography of violence. There is no moral ambiguity here. Hannibal is unambiguously a celebration of the antitheses of American moral values; it is a pustular bequest of the Beast, made manifest in the magic of effective language and storytelling — which is the most powerful actual magic I know of. Indeed, with technocracy exploding and mankind's total knowledge doubling every five years, stories and language may be the only magic left to us.

As a person who is basically as decadent as the culture I inhabit, I find it impossible not to be captivated by *Hannibal*. Harris does what he does so very, very well. As a believer in the power of effective art, as a parent, and someone with a stake in the future of our culture, I find it impossible to condone *Hannibal* or to laugh it off as a harmless diversion for those too jaded for anything less lurid.

The real evil genius at loose on a helpless world is not Hannibal the cannibal, but rather the Thomas Harrises, the Stephen Kings, and Jonathan Demmes. They are rich and powerful and at the top of their form. God help us all.

– David Carew

Hannibal
By Thomas Harris
(Dell/Random House: New York)
$7.99/paperback

In the tent with Dinah

"If you want to understand any woman, you must first ask about her mother and then listen carefully," Dinah advises us early in her story. She is speaking from a time of oral histories, when familial stories were passed along while baking bread, tending babies or at bedtime. But we listeners, as modern-day readers, have the luxury of devoting our imaginations to the one task at hand — absorbing a story we seemed to have been denied all these years.

With *The Red Tent*, a masterful and rich work by Anita Diamant, we are treated to the tale of Dinah, who, though a mere "footnote" in the Bible, rumbles to life in these pages. Through Dinah's voice, we are treated to the stories of her mothers and grandmothers, and to her own story — all exquisitely imagined by Diamant, and yet genuine in their telling. It takes no time to forget that, to the rest of the world, Dinah is known only as the ravaged daughter of Jacob and sister of Joseph, with no identity of her own.

It is in the red tent, the menstrual tent, that Dinah comes of age. There, she is a vessel for the stories of her four mothers: Leah, Rachel, Zilpah and Bilhah, the four wives of Jacob. For three days beginning on every new moon — as well as at every childbirth — the women congregate in the red tent, celebrating each other and their rites of passage. Generations of rituals are passed down, and secrets are revealed. Dinah, as the beloved only daughter